POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

(SEE DEUT. XXXIV, 6.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling, or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky aerie looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking, still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth, his comrades in in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land, men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place, with costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings, along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor? The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave, without a name, whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around on the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life with the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land! O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him he loved so well.

—*C. F. Alexander.*

AN AUTUMN RHYME.

When the breath of March was keen,
And the woods were brown and bare,
Covered from the cruel air
In a tangled bed of green,
Violets grew unplucked, unseen
Sweet and meet to wreathe your hair,
If it only could have been.

But Love's heart and hope were strong,
And he smiled and whispered low:
"When the Summer roses blow,
And the summer swallows throng,
Though a little while be long,
She will come at last to know,
She will take our flowers and song."

Now encroaching sunset shows
That the year has turned his face
Unto failure and disgrace,
Brooding mists and beating snows,
And along the garden rows
Leaf and petal fall apace,
And with each a poor hope goes.

—*B. Nichols.*

A FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel, with face against the pane,
Looks out across the night, and sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech, and the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown to and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone standing out there all alone,
With her woe,
Wringing, as she stands, her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel, with face against the pane,
Looks out across the night, and sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel, and make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher-lover is out there in the storm.
And your father—you are weeping!
O Mabel, timid Mabel, go, spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a-steeping.
Your lover's heart is brave, his boat is stanch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef that makes the water white.

But Mabel, Mabel darling, with face against the pane,
Looks out across the night at the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire! and the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm the solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell in that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell as the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them, wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel with face against the pane.

A boom! the lighthouse gun!—how its echo rolls and rolls—
'Tis to warn the home-bound ships off the shoals.
See! a rocket cleaves the sky from the fort—a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and, fading, leaves golden furrows on the night!

What made Mabel's cheek so pale? what made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail that went down and out of sight?
Down, down, and out of sight!
Oh, watch no more, no more, with face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown by the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire, frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen, in the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands, with something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white, ah, so ghastly in the light!
With sea-weed in their hair.

O ancient fishermen, go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child, with face against the pane,
Who looks towards the beach, and, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again! never watch and weep at night!
For those pretty, saintly eyes look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the Beacon Light.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

[Continued.]

MICHAUX'S "THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA."

SMALL CHESTNUT OAK.

In the Northern and Middle States this pretty little species is called Small or Dwarf Chestnut Oak, from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the Rock Chestnut Oak: as there is also a likeness between its foliage and that of the Chincapin. It is known in East Tennessee and in the upper part of the Carolinas by the name of Chincapin Oak.

The Small Chestnut Oak is not generally diffused, but it is rare in many places adapted to its constitution, and is usually found in particular districts, where, alone or mingled with the Bear Oak, it sometimes covers tracts of more than a hundred acres. The presence of these species is a certain proof of the barrenness of the soil. I have particularly observed the Small Chestnut Oak in the vicinity of Providence in Rhode Island, of Albany in New York, of Knoxville in Tennessee and on the Alleghany mountains in Virginia. It grows spontaneously in the park of Mr. W. Hamilton, near Philadelphia.

This species, and another which is found in the pine forests of the Southern States, rarely exceed thirty inches in height: they are the most diminutive of the American Oaks, and are mentioned only to complete the series.

The leaves of the Small Chestnut Oak are oval-acuminate, regularly but not deeply denticulated, of a light green above and whitish beneath. The acorns are enclosed for one third of their length in scaly sessile cups: they are of middle size, somewhat elongated, similarly rounded at both ends, and very sweet.

Nature seems to have sought a compensation for the diminutive size of this shrub in the abundance of its fruit: the stem, which is sometimes no bigger than a quill, is stretched at full length upon the ground by the weight of the thickly-clustering acorns. United with the Bear Oak, which is of the same size and equally prolific, perhaps it might be cultivated with advantage for its fruits.

LIVE OAK.

This species, which is confined to the maritime parts of the Southern States, the Floridas, and Louisiana, is known only by the name of Live Oak. The climate becomes mild enough for its growth near Norfolk in Virginia, though it is less multiplied and less vigorous than in a more southern latitude. From Norfolk it spreads along the coast for a distance of 1500 or 1800 miles, extending beyond the mouth of the Mississippi. The sea air seems essential to its existence, for it is rarely found in the forests upon the mainland and never more than fifteen or twenty miles from the shore.

It is the most abundant, the most fully-developed and of the best quality about the bays and creeks and on the fertile islands which in great numbers lie scattered for several hundred miles along the coast. I particularly observed it on the islands of St. Simon, Cumberland, Sapelo, etc., between the St. John and the St. Mary, in an excursion of 400 or 500 miles in a canoe from Cape Canaveral in East Florida to Savannah in Georgia. I frequently saw it upon the beach, or half buried in the movable sand upon the downs, where it had preserved its freshness and vigor, though exposed during a long lapse of time to the fury of the wintry tempest and to the ardor of the summer's sun.

The Live Oak is commonly forty or forty-five feet height and from one to two feet in diameter; but it is sometimes much larger. Mr. S., president of the agricultural society of Charleston, assured me that he felled a trunk, hollowed by age, which was 24 feet in circumference. Like most other trees, it has, when insulated, a wide and tufted summit. Its trunk is sometimes undivided for 18 or 20 feet, but often ramifies at half this height, and at a distance has the appearance of an old apple-tree or pear-tree. The leaves are oval, coriaceous, of a dark green above and whitish beneath; they persist through several years and are partially renewed every spring. On trees reared upon plantations, or growing in cool soils, they are one-half larger, and are often denticulated; upon stocks of two or three years they are commonly very distinctly toothed.

The acorns are of an elongated oval form, nearly black, and contained in shallow, grayish and pedunculated cups. The Indians are said to have expressed an oil from them to mingle with their food; perhaps, also, they ate the kernel, which, though not agreeable to the taste, is less rough and bitter than that of many other species. The fruit is sometimes very abundant, and it germinates with such ease that, if the weather is rainy at the season of its maturity, many acorns are found upon the trees with the radicle unfolded.

The bark upon the trunk is blackish, hard and thick. The wood is heavy, compact, fine-grained, and of a yellowish color, which deepens as the tree advances in age. The number and closeness of the concentrical circles evince the slowness of its growth. As it is very strong, and incomparably more durable than the best White Oak, it is highly esteemed in ship-building, and it is consumed not only in the country which produces it, but still more extensively in the Northern States. From its great durability when perfectly seasoned it is almost exclusively employed for the upper part of the frame. To compensate its excessive weight it is joined with the Red Cedar which is extremely light and equally lasting.

The Live Oak does not afford large timber; but its wide and branching summit makes amends for this disadvantage by furnishing a great number of knees, of which there is never a sufficient quantity in the dock-yards.

The vessels built at New York and Philadelphia, with the upper frame of Red Cedar and Live Oak and the lower timbers of White Oak, are as durable as those constructed of the best materials in Europe. Brekel, whom I have already quoted, says that the best tree-nails are of Live Oak; but at present it is replaced in the Southern States, by the Locust and the heart of the long-leaved Pine.

In the South, particularly at Charleston and Savanah, this species is used for the naves and felloes of heavy wheels, for which it is far superior to the White Oak; it is more proper, also, for the screws and for the cogs of mill-wheels.

The bark is excellent for tanning, but is only accidentally employed.

Besides the Live Oak timber exported to England, great quantities are used in ship-building in the United States, particularly at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The consumption has trebled within twenty years, in consequence of the immense development of American commerce. Hence the price has doubled and the species is rapidly diminishing. The clearing of the islands for the culture of cotton, which they yield of a superior quality, has contributed to its destruction. It is already difficult to procure sticks of considerable size in the Southern States, and they are sought on the western coast of East Florida between the St. Mary and the St. John. From St. Augustine to the cape the species is rarer; but we are informed that it abounds on the shores of West Florida, whither the English of the Bahama islands resort for supplies.

As the Live Oak from the peculiarities of its construction, is multipled with difficulty, I cannot but consider its disappearance throughout the United States within the next fifty years as nearly certain. It will then be found only in the form of a shrub, like the *Quercus ilex*, which formerly skirted the southern coast of France and Italy.

[Every individual that has access to government authorities in successive administrations should urge the planting of this most valuable tree. Since our author penned the above remarks, great havoc has been committed on our southern coast for want of government protection. The tree is produced in Texas; but from there also its disappearance may be deemed almost certain.]

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WOMEN WHO WRITE DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR COSTUMES TO NEWSPAPERS.

[W. E. Curtis in Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Four papers are published Sunday morning for social news, while the daily journals here and elsewhere have society reporters who are giving more attention to such matters than ever before. They are very actively assisted by the society people themselves, and about half the matter published is contributed by those who are referred to in the lines they write.

For example, the editor of one of the Sunday papers last Friday received a sample of the latest thing in stationery, upon which was written in the angular hand that is so fashionable the following:

"The most dashing and brilliant belle at the reception of Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of Congressman Blank, who has assumed a leading position in Washington society. Her beauty was remarked by every one, and was heightened by her costume, which was a gown of ivory white corded silk with square bodice of cardinal velvet. The Marie Stuart collar was edged by small red beads. A rich drapery of thread lace was festooned over the front and held by panels of the velvet. In her corsage was a jeweled shepherd's crook, and in her hair a silver dagger and gold arrow, in the centre of which shone an immense carbuncle."

The communication was anonymous, but the editor knew where it came from, and knew that its publication meant the sale of a hundred copies or so of his papers, which would be sent to all of the family friends.

Another similar anonymous letter (in which I have taken the liberty to alter the names) reads as follows:

"Miss Genevieve Jones, daughter of General George Jones, of the army, was was one of the prettiest girls and greatest belles at the army and navy german Monday night. She is tall and slender, and her gown of rich cream crepe, garnished with handsome Escuriel lace and Marechal Neil buds, was most becoming to her brunette type."

And here is a third which was contributed by the brother of the young lady named: "Among the most noted belles at the army and navy last Monday night was Miss Pauline Acklen, of Tennessee. She has a face of flower-like delicacy and coloring, and a classic head poised on a lovely neck. She wore an aesthetic gown of white lace and her powdered hair accentuated the youthful beauty of her face. The toilet of Mrs. Pinson, who chaperoned her, was an exquisite combination of black and white."

MARK TWAIN AS A "DEVIL."

ON THE NEWSPAPER OF 35 YEARS AGO.

[From S. L. Clemens' Speech before the New York Typothetæ.]

The chairman's historical reminiscences of Gutenburg have caused me to fall into reminiscences, for I myself am something of an antiquity. All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be the printer of to-day is not the printer of 35 years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he was there to see, I put the good type in his case and the broken ones among the "hell matter;" and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the "pi" on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub. I wetted down the paper on Saturdays, I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly: I rolled, I washed the rollers, I washed the forms, I folded the papers, I carried them around at dawn Thursday mornings, I enveloped the papers for the mail—we had 100 town subscribers and 350 country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries, and the country ones in cabbages and cord-wood—when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper, and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper. Every man on the town list helped edit the thing: that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect, he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over. We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us, once a year, body and soul, for $2. He used to modify our politics every which way, and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course that meant bankruptcy and destruction. That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them "Junius" or "Veritas" or "Vox Populi," or some other high-sounding rot: and then, after it was set up, he would come in and say he had changed his mind—which was a gilded figure of speech, because he hadn't any—and order it to be left out. We couldn't stand such a waste as that; we couldn't afford "bogus" in that office: so we always took the leads out, altered the signature, credited the article to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in.

Well, we did have one or two kinds of "bogus." Whenever there was a barbecue, or a circus, or a baptizing, we knocked off for half a day; and then to make up for short matter we would "turn over ads"—turn over the whole page and duplicate it. The other bogus was deep philosophical stuff, which we judged nobody ever read, so we kept a galley of it standing and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in every now and then, till it got dangerous. Also, in the early days of the telegraph we used to economize on the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley and changed the dates and localities and used them over and over again till the public interest in them was worn to the bone. We marked the ads, but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward; so the life of a "td" ad and a "tf" ad was equally eternal. I have seen a "td" notice of a sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the sheriff dead, and the whole circumstances become ancient history. Most of the yearly ads were patent medicine stereotyped and we used to fence with them.

Life was easy with us. If we pied a form we suspended till next week, and we always suspended every now and then when the fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor, a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than with either of them. He was full of blessed egotism and placid self-importance, but he didn't know as much as a three-em quad. He never set any type except in the rush of the last day, and then he would smouch all the poetry, and leave the rest to "jeff" for the solid takes. He wrote with impressive flatulence and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects; but puffing alms gifts of wedding-cake, salty ice cream, abnormal watermelons, and sweet potatoes the size of your leg was his best hold. He was always a poet—a kind of poet of the Carrier's address breed—and whenever his intellect suppurated, and he read the result to the printers and asked for their opinion, they were very frank and straightforward about it. They generally scraped their rules on the boxes all the time he was reading, and called it "hog-wash" when he got through. All this was 35 years ago, when the man who could set 700 an hour could put on just as many airs as he wanted to: and if these New York men, who recently on a wager set 2000 an hour solid minion for four hours on a stretch had appeared in that office, they would have been received as accomplishers of the supremely impossible, and drenched with hospitable beer till the brewery was bankrupt. I can see that printing-office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls, its "d" boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the "k" box nights, its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi valley; and I can see also the tramping "jour," who flitted by in the summer and tarried a day, with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a half-full of hand-bills; for if he couldn't get any type to set he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was a plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on, and he was satisfied. But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will "make even" and stop.

SOME RECENT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

From "Notes of a Professional Exile," in the February *Century*, we quote the following: "I have with me the autobiographical works of Carlyle, edited by Froude, which have attracted so much attention. There are two periods in the history of the world's state of mind towards almost every clever and successful man. One of these is when he is recognized: the other is when he is found out. At the former period his distinctions and peculiar abilities are perceived. The world sees what he is. He may then be said to have been recognized. But along with this recognition the world is apt to bestow a vague and tacit credit for superiority in those qualities in which he has not been tried. There comes a time, however, when his limitations are understood. The world sees what he is not. He may then be said to have been found out. That man is fortunate who is recognized early and found out late. The latter period was much deferred in Carlyle's case, owing to the vigor of the impression he made upon us. But when the time came for the public to be undeceived with regard to the character of this great and good man, it certainly did not judge him fairly. The ill-nature of these writings of Carlyle is not profound. Carlyle had the presumptuous discontent of a spoiled child. It was his instinct and habit to "sass" right and left. And the public itself was mainly to blame for the spoiling. The fault in such cases is mainly the public's, on account of the queer exceptions they accord people who are able to 'sling ink' particularly well. Authors are spoiled because of the weak supposition of the public that they are as good as they profess to be. The public will not insist upon remembering that great authors are like other people. Has not an author hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; if you prick them do they not bleed? if you tickle them do they not laugh? Of course, the book reveals Carlyle as an egotist. But are not nearly all recent autobiographers egotists? A number of such works have appeared during the last ten years, and the position of the autobiographer has been in nearly every case the same,—namely, that God did a good thing when he made him: but that he should have made anybody else, and should have taken an interest in the other individual equal to that which he manifested in the autobiographer, is a proposition which he cannot bring himself for a moment to consider.

Two books in which this view is conspicuous are the autobiographies of John Quincy Adams and Miss Harriet Martineau. Carlyle is a mild egotist beside these writers. Adams does not speak of himself as an individual, but as a cause which he has espoused. Of the two, Miss Martineau is the more naive. She is for arranging the world entirely from her own point of view. For instance, she attacked the late Lord Lytton because he did not carry an ear-trumpet. Lord Lytton was deaf, and preferred not to carry an ear-trumpet. Miss Martineau was deaf also, and did carry one. She did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and was very hard upon any one who was of a contrary opinion. Her heaven, had her belief permitted her to have one, would have been a place where they all sat round with ear-trumpets and derided the doctrine of the immortality of the soul."

—The death rate from chloroform is, according to a recent estimate, 1 in 1,600.

—One of the advertised remedies for the opium habit consists of a well-known elixir of opium.

—A church in Westfield, Mass., is giving chromos as an inducement for outsiders to attend its evening services.

Temperance Column.

EDITED BY THE W. C. T. U.

"*The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.*"

President - - - Mrs W. H. Button.
1st Vice-President - Mrs. U. D. Twitchell.
2d Vice-President - - Mrs. E. E. Rich.
Secretary - - - Mrs. Geo. C. Walker.
Treasurer - - - Mrs. J. W. Lovett.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Prevention! What a word; how much it implies! Many persons are lost to good society and become floating wrecks for want of preventive means. Columns upon columns have been printed in the religious and temperance press giving heartrending particulars of once noble men and women who have, in an unguarded hour, started on the downward path, and never had the courage to halt, or turn about, and retrace their steps. I could fill this page with just such histories, that have come under my own observation; but the object of writing this article is to relate a narrow escape of a man from making the first fatal step.

The gentleman alluded to had always been a temperance boy and temperance man; was a church-member; a public speaker and connected in business with an institution that was doing all it could to make the world better by its publications. The desire to taste liquor was something he knew nothing about; nor could he understand how a respectable man could part with his character, or do his family the injustice of taking that in to his system which would "steal away his brains," and break down his health—the only capital he possessed in the world. Over forty years of his life thus passed away, and not a temptation to drink crossed his mind.

But (as is often the case) business cares of a very vexatious nature came thick and fast: the dark clouds every week grew blacker. At first a lively disposition enabled him to laugh at them; but they became so monotonous and without even an inch of silver lining, that depression of spirits would sometimes take possession of him. A loving wife and kind children fondly brushed them away, and daily he went to the unwelcome tasks of fighting against impossibilities with renewed vigor only to return home with hopes crushed and faith in ultimate triumph sadly weakened.

There came a Saturday afternoon when darkness was no word for the surroundings that hedged his pathway and that of those with whom he was connected. Light-heartedness was all gone; and, as with downcast heart and head he walked down Vesey street, New York, to cross the ferry, the sound of merry-making fell upon his ears. Looking up, his eyes took in the situation at once. Over a dozen men were standing drinking at the bar of a gilded saloon. What fun they were having! How they laughed! not a care appeared to cross their vison. As he looked upon the carnival of merriment, the thought burst upon him: "I am miserable and dejected, and for ten cents I can be just as happy as they are," and without further reflection he started toward the door. As he entered a thousand thoughts crowded upon his mind; among others, that it was a dangerous experiment, and might cost him his reputation, which was all he had to provide a living for his family with. The good spirit and the bad spirit struggled for ascendancy: at last love of home, pride for the cause in which he was laboring, and a sweet small voice whispering in his soul, "Lo, I am with you," conquered. Notwithstanding he had given the bar-tender a ten-cent piece he stammered out, "I don't want anything," and turning around walked out of the "gates of hell," and on the sidewalk realized what a narrow escape he had had. Wending his way homeward the burden of his soul broke forth in saying: "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" On Monday morning he mentioned the occurrence to one of his intimate friends and to a Methodist clergyman of Brooklyn.

Owing to the peculiar disposition of the man, if he had fallen captive to the temptation, the probability is he would have sunk under the disgrace that his fall would have brought.

Society and his friends would have blamed him, and perhaps they would have done right in so doing. His former life would have counted but little against that one false step and its natural consequences.

It occurred eight or ten years ago; but he never thinks of it without a peculiar feeling coming over him. In speaking to the Rev. Wm. H. Boole on the subject this fall he said: "I hope God would have forgiven me for it, if I had succumbed, as He knew how physically weak I was: but it would have gone heavily against the authorities and voters of the city of New York for permitting such a place to exist by law, to trap a man when he was shorn of almost all power to resist."

It is grand to be saved by grace. But "lead us not into temptation" means that it is wrong to set temptation in the way of poor, weak, frail humanity.

There is not a boy or man in this country but what may be, in some period of his life, placed in a similar position. It may not be his good fortune to have such an escape. Therefore he ought to be protected by the laws of his country.

The best kind of government is that which gives its citizens the best protection. A ballot that protects the citizen from that which destroys both soul and body, must and ever will be pleasing in the sight of God.

The above truthful incident, from actual life, should be borne in mind when the reader goes to the ballot box to cast his vote.

—*George B. Scott.*